

Serious Conversations with Silly Boys by littlefaerielights

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Summary:

Mike likes climbing through Will's window, Dustin hates pineapple pizza, Lucas owes Dustin ten dollars, and Will rolls pretty joints.

Or..

The boys of the Party like having their nails painted, too.

Serious Conversations with Silly Boys

Mike was sitting on Will's windowsill, smoking a cigarette.

Telling Ellie and Max hadn't been that hard, really. He'd kind of psyched himself out on it, really. He figured that's what he was doing now. Logically, he knew Dustin, Lucas, and Will wouldn't really think any less of him because, well, they loved him regardless—just like Ellie and Max did. But there's something kind of daunting about telling them, maybe because they're guys and like, guys aren't supposed to be good with emotions and stuff, right?

God, no. Fuck that. Fuck that masculinity heteronormative bullshit.

They'd always been pretty good at talking shit out. For the most part. But it wasn't always easy to say exactly what you were feeling, but they tried, okay? They always tried their hardest.

"You do know we have a front door, right?" Will asked as he walked into his room, closing the door quietly behind him and Mike almost fell out of the window because *of fucking course* Will was wearing one of his sweaters today. This one was particularly big on him and he was *swimming* in it. It hung off his shoulder and covered his hands and he looked so fucking cute, Mike just couldn't take it. He quickly adjusted his position on the windowsill and smirked at Will.

"Yeah, but, it's just so much more *fun* to sneak in through the window." He teased, and it really was. Will was rarely surprised to find Mike sitting on his bed or in his window anymore, but it was still worth it to see his eyes light up whenever he walked into the room.

"Okay, it makes sense when you do it at night, but when I'm literally expecting you in *the middle of the day*..."

"You like it, Byers." He smirked.

Will shook his head, biting back a smile and walked over to the window, lightly pushing one of Mike's legs off of the small ledge it was resting on and taking its place. Mike raised an eyebrow. "You okay, Mikey?" Will asked gently, reaching into his back pocket and

pulling his pack out. He lit his own cigarette and stared at Mike, who tried to avoid his gaze, because like, Will knew him *too well* and there was no way he could lie to him. Well, *theoretically*, he was okay. Sitting here, so fucking *close* to Will was both helping and not helping his situation right now because it was both calming and stressful and Will was just everything all at once and *fuck*, his hands were shaking now. He could paint Will's nails because apparently he was only allowed to talk about important things when nail polish was involved. It was Nancy's fault.

"Peachy." Mike smiled. He flicked his cigarette outside and reached for Will's hand. This is normal, right? Totally fine. Just checking his nails. That sounded—

"Your hands are shaking." Will frowned.

"I know." Mike muttered, carefully holding on to his hands. "Can I —?"

Will perked up and flicked his half finished cigarette outside and jumped down. "Of course! I got a new color." He smiled *brilliantly* and padded over to his desk. He had an array of bottles lining the top shelf of his desk, arranged from darkest to lightest. He studied them for a second before grabbing a bottle and turning around to face Mike. He held it up. "See? It's like... blood red. But a little darker." Will smiled at the bottle fondly, sitting down on the floor and leaning against his bed. Mike flicked his cigarette out of the window and jumped down. He closed the window and sat across from Will. They were close enough that their knees were touching and Mike swore his heart was going to burst out of his chest. He was used to their easy affection, but lately it felt like there was something more. Like the air was charged between them, maybe? He took the bottle from Will and set it on the ground before taking one of Will's hands in his.

"What's the mood for blood red?" Mike teased. Will didn't say anything, just watched as Mike spread the dark color over his nail. It contrasted beautifully against his pale skin.

"No mood, it's just pretty."

"It looks good on you." Mike agreed.

“The purple Nancy gave you this week looks good on you.” Will murmured. “Really though, are you okay?” Mike hummed.

“Yeah.” He was, he really was, he was still kind of *stuck*. And he shouldn’t be, really, because if anything from the past few months have taught him, it’s that he’ll always have Nancy and at the very least, El and Max. And, well, he was okay with that. It wasn’t like, the *best*, because he didn’t want to lose his three other best friends and maybe the love of his life, but if it really came down to it, at least they were the strongest and most supportive and best women he knew.

Will was looking at him, concern swimming in his eyes, because Mike had always been absolute shit at lying to him. He could just tell Will now, because Lucas and Dustin weren’t supposed to be over for another few hours and really though, sitting here with Will kind of made it harder and harder to hold everything in. He was on Will’s pinky finger now and he had to admit this color was really pretty and didn’t just everything look good on Will? It wasn’t really fair. Mike bit his lip and dipped the brush back in the bottle. “I’ve never been able to lie to you, have I?”

“You can do a lot of things, Mikey, but that is not one.” Will agreed, ruffling Mike’s hair. Mike playfully shoved him away. “You gonna tell me what’s up?” he asked and Mike picked up the bottle so he could start a second coat. “Yeah.” He was on Will’s ring finger before he said anything.

“I don’t know why I’m so scared to tell you this because like, I know there’s no way you could hate me or anything because we’ve been through so much together and we’ve been best friends since we were like, five and stuff, but um, I guess I’m just scared of how you’ll react, maybe? Anyway, I’m bi and that’s—”

“Mikey, *slow down*.” Will carefully placed his hand on Mike’s cheek and smiled softly. “You have such a bad habit of overthinking things.” He leaned forward and kissed his forehead. “It’s okay.”

“I know.” Mike smiled and went back to painting Will’s nails because why had he been freaking out in the first place? This was *Will* and Will never judged anyone. He didn’t think Will Byers had a mean or

hateful bone in his body. “Done with this hand.” he added and Will exchanged his hands and started blowing on his nails. Mike looked up, which, honestly was a *huge fucking mistake*. Will was looking at something over his shoulder, his eyes kind of unfocused but the way he was blowing on his nails totally threw Mike off guard. His lips were slightly puckered and so *pink* and Mike ached to kiss them because they just looked so *pretty* and honestly, it should be illegal to have lips that pretty with no one kissing them. Mike just bit his lip and ducked his head to start on Will’s left hand.

“Hey, um, Mikey, can I tell you something?” Will asked quietly.

“What’s up?”

“I guess I’m not as scared as I was before because, you know, of what you just told me, and you probably know anyway, because I feel like it’s obvious? But maybe not, partly because you’re like, really oblivious to like, everything, but also maybe I’m just really paranoid, but, um, I’m gay? And oh my god that sounded like a question, but holy shit, I am so fucking gay, Mike, it’s—“

“Will.” Mike grabbed his face. “Calm down. It’s okay. You’re okay.”

“We’re okay.” Will agreed and smiled brightly. “*Fuck*, that felt good to say.”

“Right?” Mike kissed his cheek quickly before turning back to his nails.

“I feel like okay is the word for the day.” Will joked. Mike nodded in agreement because he didn’t think he’d ever said okay so many times in such a short amount of time. Will brushed the hair out of his eyes and he felt his cheeks burning. “Are you going to tell Lucas and Dustin tonight?” he asked quietly.

“Probably.” Mike shrugged. “I mean, I haven’t really gotten a bad reaction yet and I feel like they won’t really care, so.”

“Who else have you told?”

“Nance helped me figure everything out, because you know, Nancy is like... *everything*. And then I told Ellie and Max a few weeks ago. I

had to explain it to El, and then after that, she threatened to kill anyone that hurt me?” Mike smiled, shaking the bottle of nail polish to coat the brush with more paint. “Max argued with me over pizza toppings.”

“She’s so against pineapple!”

“It’s okay, more for us.”

Will nodded and watched him finish painting his nails. “Kay. I’m done.” Mike said, lightly patting his wrist. This time, he was very careful to avoid watching Will blow on his nails because he didn’t know if he could stop himself from making a mistake and kissing his crush best friend because he couldn’t ruin the best thing in his life. He sighed and walked back over to the window, in desperate need of a cigarette. He slid it open and took his third favorite spot in Will’s room. Will watched him from his spot on the floor.

“You’re the first person I told. I mean, other than Jonathan, because obviously, but it’s kind of scary, isn’t it?”

Mike lit his cigarette. “Yeah.”

“I’ll tell them tonight, too.” Will paused, looking at his hands. “You make me braver.”

And at those words Mike almost fell out of the window again. *Fuck*, he wouldn’t have believed it if he didn’t see his lips move. Oh god, Wheeler, *stop thinking about Will’s lips*. Okay. Breathe. Stop. Right. He could respond to this normally right?

“I mean, you make me braver, too.” That was normal, right? But it was so fucking true. When he was with Will, he felt like he could conquer the goddamn world. Even if angry bees were buzzing around his ribcage and his heart fought to beat out of his chest and his thoughts were always kind of fuzzy when he was around. But *despite* all of that, he was still pretty fucking fearless whenever Will was by his side. God, how did he not realize how fucking *in love* he was with Will before? He *had* to tell him. Nancy was right. *Fuck*. Why did she always have to be right? Alright. He would tell him. Eventually. Soon. Probably before he told his parents. No. Defiantly before he

told his parents.

“Alright, nerds, we brought pizza. We even fucking brought that *disgusting* pineapple shit you two like so, I hope you appreciate me for that because it felt *wrong* just ordering it. I swear to *god*, the guy behind the counter was judging me for it.” Dustin burst into the room with a small pile of pizza boxes in his arms.

“Shut *up*, Dustin, he was not judging you for ordering pineapple pizza. Jesus *Christ*, why are you so fucking *dramatic*?” Lucas followed, holding a twelve pack of Coke and two plastic bags hung over his wrist. Dustin dropped the pizza boxes on the floor in front of Will while Lucas set the soda and mystery bags on the bed.

“Yeah, just let yourselves in.” Will joked.

“At least we don’t just climb in through your window, *Michael*.” Dustin playfully glared at him. Mike rolled his eyes and flicked his cigarette outside before jumping down.

“Why do you guys make such a big fucking deal over the pineapple pizza? Max wouldn’t even order it for me last time I was with her.” He asked, taking his place next to Will on the floor.

“Because, Michael, *fruit* doesn’t belong on pizza.” Dustin stated like it was a known fact, throwing open the lids of all the pizza boxes.

“Yeah, but the sweet of the pineapple like... contrasts? or whatever with the like, richness of the cheese and tomato from the pizza and it’s like, fucking heaven so... stop hating on our pizza.” Will grabbed the pineapple pizza and put it on his lap, scooting closer to Mike. He handed him a slice.

“You guys are just weird.” Lucas shook his head, reaching for a slice of mushroom, pepperoni and black olive.

“Okay, but that fucking combination is disgusting.” Mike said through a mouthful of pizza.

“Yeah, who likes mushrooms?” Will added.

“Mushrooms are *delicious* and underappreciated.” Lucas defended.

"We should probably order Chinese next time." Dustin muttered, picking up a slice of ham and pepper and bacon. "We always get in arguments about toppings."

"You have *two* different kinds of pork on your pizza!"

"And it's *amazing*."

"Yeah, Chinese next time." Will agreed, eyes sparkling as he glanced at Mike. Mike lost the ability to breathe.

"So, Lucas brought over some new movies and um, a bottle of whiskey? I mean, we don't have to drink, but we have it and it's there if anyone wants it." Dustin said, reaching for another slice of pizza. "Also, we brought a fuckton of candy and popcorn." He nodded to the bags on the bed.

"Why whiskey? Whiskey's gross."

"It was all I could find. Take what you're given, Wheeler, and be happy." Lucas said, throwing a balled up napkin at him. Mike raised his hands in mock surrender and Lucas rolled his eyes.

They had tried the whiskey and no one liked it. But Will had the brilliant idea of raiding Jonathan's room to see if he left any weed when he left for college. And he had. *Thank god*. Will was rolling joints and Mike was unsurprisingly painting Dustin's nails with all of Will's colors in a row next to them half open. Lucas was sprawled out on the bed with his head hanging off, nearly touching Will's shoulder.

"What color do you want next, Dusty?" Mike asked, closing putting the brush back in the purple bottle. Dustin looked at the bottles next to him.

"Hm. Blue."

"*Which* blue?" Mike laughed. "There's like four."

"Dark blue."

"Which dark blue?"

“Jesus, Will, why do you have so many blues?”

Will looked up from the joint he was rolling. “Blue is my favorite color.” He shrugged. “Don’t judge.” He also wore a lot of blue and Will looked *really* good in blue. Two of the sweaters he stole from Mike were blue and they were his favorite things to see Will in. *Not that it really mattered..* but still.

“Okay, the medium dark blue.” Dustin decided. Mike laughed and picked up the bottle.

“Why can’t you just choose one color like a *normal* person?” he teased, wiping the excess paint off.

“Because that’s *boring*, Mike.” Dustin rolled his eyes and watched as he carefully painted the nail. “I have to have all the colors of the rainbow to match my colorful personality.”

“I think you mean *annoying*.” Lucas corrected. Will caught Mike’s eye and smirked. “You’re just jealous you could never pull it off.”

“*You* can’t even pull it off! You look like a five year old.” Lucas rolled over on his stomach and stared at Dustin.

“Okay, what color now?” Mike interjected.

“Um, red.”

“Which red?” Because Will had multiple colors of everything and while it worked well for Will, it was really fucking frustrating when Mike tried to paint Dustin’s nails at his house.

“Fuck. Okay. Um, what red are Will’s nails? I want that red.”

“Okay.” He started on Dustin’s ring finger, chewing on his lip.

“Who wants the first hit?” Will asked, waving the finished joint around. He rolled the prettiest ones. Lucas plucked it out of his hand.

“Mike had first hit last time, I want this one!” He grabbed the lighter sitting on the floor and sat up on his knees. Will rolled his eyes and leaned against the bed.

“What color now?”

“Hm. Black.” Mike nodded and picked up the bottle. He was the only one with enough patience to paint Dustin’s nails because sometimes it was five colors. He’d choose five for the first hand and then repeat it on the second, and then others it was ten with all different colors and he took forever picking every color out. He also had a hard time sitting still most of the time. It was frustrating. But it’s not like he was going to be left out of the Party’s *thing* because he wanted different colors on every nail, so Mike did it for him. But, tonight, it was kind of a welcome distraction because it was still hard to find the words to like, *come out* to his other two best friends even with Will in the room. Even though Will *knew*. The words just kept getting stuck in his throat. The weed was defiantly helping.

“Okay, Dustin, do you want me to repeat the colors on this hand or do you want different colors?” Mike asked, gently exchanging Dustin’s hands on his knee. Dustin bit his lip, thinking. He looked around at the bottles on the ground.

“Would you be mad if I said I wanted different colors?”

“Of course not.” Mike smiled. “What color do you want first?”

“Light blue.”

“You got it, buddy.”

Will crawled over and held the joint in front of Dustin’s mouth. “Here.” He said. “So you don’t mess up Mike’s work.” Dustin leaned forward and inhaled for a few seconds before Will took the joint away. He held the smoke in until Mike was done painting his nail. Will passed him the joint after he closed the bottle, letting their fingers brush and suddenly Mike was on fire. He swallowed, never taking his eyes off of Will and took a hit. Will’s eyes were wide and unfocused and beautiful and *fuck*, stop staring. He turned his head to blow out the smoke before facing Dustin again. “What color now?”

“Pink.” He said confidently. Mike nodded and picked up the bottle.

“Hey, guys? Can—can I tell you something?” He asked nervously. His

brain was foggy. He didn't mean to say that. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. Okay. Well. The words were out. It was now or never. He focused on Dustin's hand. But he could feel Will's eyes burning into the side of his face. He took a deep breath. Because like, honestly, this could go one of two ways, right? They could be totally cool with it like Nancy, El, Max, and Will have been or they could totally hate him and not want to be his friend anymore.

"What's up, Mike?" Lucas asked. His voice was raspy from his coughing fit earlier. He was finished with the pink on Dustin's nail. Dustin picked up a dark purple bottle and handed it to him wordlessly. Okay. Mike could do this. He's actually said it twice already. It's not *that* hard. Right? It's not like Lucas and Dustin have ever given him any reason to believe that they would hate him for this, right?

"Right. Okay. I mean, I know I shouldn't be scared because logically it just doesn't make sense *to* be scared because it's not like you guys would hate me or anything because we've been to *literal hell* for each other and like, what's one more thing, right? And not to mention, you're like my best friends, so, it's kind of like, in the job description to love each other no matter what and—"

"Mikey, stop rambling, it's okay. Remember?" Will interrupted him softly, placing a hand on his back. It *would've* been calming, had it not been Will touching him because it caused his heart to speed up. But the words did help and his hand was grounding, so he supposed it helped in a way.

"Right, okay. Um, well, I know I shouldn't be worried and maybe it's like an insult to your character which kind of sounds like bullshit now that I'm saying it because I know you guys are like the best people I know, but I just wanted you to know that—I'm bi and like —"

"Oh my god, Mike," Lucas took the joint from Will and leaned forward on the bed, smiling at him. "*all of that* just to tell us you're bi? It's not a big deal, man." He brought the joint up to his lips and paused. "Well, I mean, it probably is to *you*, but like to us, it's like, you're still *Mike*, you know? You didn't have to get all worked up."

“Yeah, Mike.” Dustin agreed. “The only thing we’ll judge you for is the fact that you like fucking *pineapple on pizza*.”

“Fuck *off*, I thought we were done with that.”

“We’re never done with that.” Dustin said dramatically. “Not until you admit how disgusting it is.”

“It’s delicious and you’re wrong.” Mike narrowed his eyes. “What color do you want next?”

“Hmm, green.” Will crawled over again and helped Dustin with his hit. He smiled widely at Mike.

“I think you get the last hit, Mikey.” Will added when he handed it to him, and yeah, he did, because when he took that hit, it burned his fingers. Will took it from him and put it out in his ashtray before rolling another one.

“What’s next, Dustin?”

“Orange.”

“Orange is gross.” Mike said, picking up the bottle.

“Orange is *great*.” Dustin countered.

“Whatever. You’re done.” Mike rolled his eyes and started closing all of the nail polish bottles around him as Dustin blew on his nails. He carefully arranged them back on Will’s desk before walking over to the open window and pulling out a cigarette before sitting down. He watched Will as he rolled the joint. His long fingers were mesmerizing and so gentle as they rolled the fragile paper.

“You know what sounds really good right now?” Lucas said, shooting up suddenly. He dropped the pillow he was hugging and looked around the room with half lidded eyes.

“What?”

“Fucking brownies.”

"I don't think any of us are *sober* enough to bake right now, Lucas." Will giggled, lighting the joint.

"No, but that gas station—" he paused. "No, *McDonalds!* *McDonalds* sounds fucking amazing."

"Guys, guys, that's a fantastic idea and all, but, like, we can't *drive*." Dustin said. He was laying on the floor now, staring up at the ceiling with a dopey smile on his face and if Mike was having any doubts about them being able to drive, that defiantly solidified it.

"We could *walk*." Lucas suggested.

"Go get me a bottle of water from the kitchen and see if we can fucking walk to McDonalds." Will raised an eyebrow at him.

"No problem." Lucas rolled off the bed. He stood up and held his arms out to gain his bearings for a second before nodding to himself and walking stumbling to the door. He grabbed the doorknob and held onto it for a few seconds, giggling, before pulling it open. "Everything's fine!" he laughed before disappearing into the hallway. They heard a loud crash followed by a string of curses.

Mike actually *did* fall out of the window from how hard he was laughing this time and landed in the bushes. "Fuck!" he cursed, rolling over onto the dirt. He looked up at Will and Dustin's smirking faces.

"You okay, Mikey?" Will laughed.

"Ah, fuck you guys." Mike shook his head. "You gonna help me up?"

"Nah, you got yourself in this situation, I think you can get yourself out." Will smirked before turning away.

Mike stood up and climbed back into through the window. He narrowed his eyes at Will. "You watch your back, Byers." He warned playfully.

Will raised his eyebrows. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah."

“What’re you gonna do?” And *oh god*, this playful, challenging Will was seriously going to be the death of him, because really, what the fuck? Where did this even come from? It was *hot* and fuck, was it a *goddamn turn on*.

“Let’s just say you should probably sleep with one eye open.” Mike said and his voice was strained and fuck, Will could tell, too, because he fucking *winked* at him. Jesus. Will took a drink of water from the water bottle Lucas surprisingly brought back.

“Can I tell you guys something?” He asked. Lucas rolled over on his stomach and Dustin sat up. They made eye contact.

“What’s up, buddy?”

“So, um, because I don’t fucking *ramble* like Mike does and I’m pretty sure you assholes know from that *look...*” he kicked Dustin, who laughed. He really had no shame. Will rolled his eyes and took a deep breath. “Yeah, I’m gay. Like, *so fucking gay*. As gay as a goddamn rainbow flag.” His caught Mike’s eye and smirked. Mike loved when Will was high because he had like, *no filter* and it was great.

Dustin looked at Lucas. “You owe me ten bucks.” He smirked, holding out his hand.

“Oh, you *assholes!*” Will laughed.

“Well, it’s not like we’re going to ask, cause that’s a total *dick* move.” He shrugged as Lucas took out his wallet. “But we bet on everything anyway, so you know, we decided to bet on this.” He flashed a smile at him. “You know we love you, though, no matter what.”

“I know.” Will grinned. “Doesn’t change the fact that you’re assholes.”

“Yeah, well, you still love us.” Lucas ruffled his hair as he leaned over and handed Dustin his winnings. “Oh! Hand me those bags! I forgot we have candy.”

“You asleep?” Mike whispered in Will’s ear. They were curled up at the foot of the bed together while Lucas was passed out over the

pillows and Dustin half on the bed, half on, with his head on Lucas's stomach. Will shook his head. "Wanna go outside?" Will untangled himself from Mike's arms and quietly got off the bed before offering his hand to Mike. Will grabbed a blanket from the floor and they climbed out of the open window. Mike closed it so it was open just a crack and they walked the big tree at the edge of the Byers' property before sitting down. Will wrapped the blanket around them and Mike was *dying* at how close they were.

"Mikey?" Will's voice was soft. Mike hummed because honestly, that was all he could manage. "Why'd you bring me out here?"

"Remember how we used to stargaze when we were kids?"

"And make up names for the constellations?" Will smiled, leaning his head on his shoulder. Mike nodded. "Yours were always so *creative*."

"Only cause I'm with you." Mike admitted. "You make me better."

Suddenly, Will was lacing their fingers together and Mike lost the ability to breathe.

"You make me better, too, Mikey." Okay, what was going on? Because Mike was like, ninety percent sure he was still high—like, *really high* and he was like, imagining things—because there was *no way* Will was saying this and *holding his fucking hand*.

Then he got a burst of confidence from out of goddamn *nowhere*. He let go of Will's hand and slid his own up to grab hold of his wrist before spinning around to sit in front of him and grabbing his other wrist. Will's eyes were wide and dark and his lips were parted.

"Mikey?" he said breathlessly. Mike just smirked and pushed him against the tree.

"Getting you back for earlier." He said and was surprised at how *low* his voice had gotten. He took Will's wrists in one of his and leaned in close and he heard Will's breath hitch. Mike bit his lip and tried not to think about that as he started tickling his sides. Will yelled in protest and started squirming against the tree, giggling the whole time.

"Mike! No, *Mikey*, stop it!" he said while he gasped for air. Mike swore that Will's laughter was the *best* sound he'd ever heard. Like, he'd be perfectly happy if this was the last thing he heard before he died. He looked into Will's sparkling eyes and stopped, but didn't let go of his wrists. His chest was heaving as he tried to catch his breath, and Mike searched his eyes as he leaned in. He could feel Will's breath on his lips now.

"Mike..."

"Do... do you want me to stop?" They stared into each others eyes for what seemed like an eternity but was probably only a few seconds and Mike wondered if Will could hear his heart beating.

"*Please.*" And Mike had never heard such a beautiful word as he closed the (admittedly small) distance between them.

There weren't fireworks, but Mike hadn't expected there to be. It was more like he had been drowning this whole time and kissing Will was like *finally* coming up for a breath of air. He let go of Will's wrists to rest on his hips and with Will's hands now free, they shot up to Mike's hair. They kissed hungrily, messily, like their lives depended on it. Mike pulled Will to his lap and Will tugged on Mike's hair and he fucking *moaned*. He swiped his tongue along Will's bottom lip and he gasped, opening his mouth. Mike smiled into the kiss and pushed his tongue past Will's lips and he swore he was in heaven. He dug his fingers into Will's hipbones and Will fucking *whimpered* and if Mike thought Will's laughter was the best sound he'd ever heard, this was a close fucking second. They broke apart, breathing heavily.

"Wow." Will whispered, because, *really*. Mike could only look at Will in awe because he just kissed the love of his life and he looked so fucking *beautiful* it should honestly be illegal.

"I—yeah." Was all Mike managed to get out. Will smirked and pulled him in for another kiss. This one wasn't as heated. It was slow and sweet and Mike felt like he could kiss Will for the rest of his life it still wouldn't be enough.